




Slow, slow, quick-quick slow.



Chaz
 [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/)

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>
2007-12-30 15:21:00

MOOD: 😊 industrious

MUSIC: Nellie McKay - "Food"

Making food isn't rocket science. I've said that before, right?

But it *is* dancing.

Some things you want to do jitterbug-quick. Anything with double-acting baking powder for the rising agent (muffins, biscuits, quick breads--baked goods without yeast, pretty much) is all about the quick. Mix fast and lightly and get it to the source of heat.

Because that "double-acting" thing? That means the baking powder is starting its leavening job as soon as you mix liquid into it. Once that starts, you don't want to handle the batter or dough a lot, or you'll squash all those good air bubbles you got from the baking powder.

Then you want to get it to the stovetop or oven as fast as you can, because the second part of that "double-acting" designation comes from the heat. If you let the batter sit unheated, all the air goes out before you can turn those tiny air pockets into light 'n' fluffy baked-goods innards.

(However, if you've got friends coming over for poker night and you can't find the chips, get out your biscuit recipe, overmix the dough, let it sit out, roll flat, cut, and bake. Write denominations on the results in permanent marker. 'Cause, really, you won't want to eat them.)


Yeast breads, on the other hand, are that sexy slow dance. Yeast hates to be rushed. If you try to speed up the rising by putting it in a hot place, either the yeast will die, or the bread will rise too fast and taste thin and sour. If you don't give it time to rise enough, you'll get the deadly heavy-duty wheat loaf doorstop. If you don't put the time in to get the dough kneaded smooth and silky, that great bread texture, that soft/dense/tender/chewy thing, won't develop.


That sounds alarming, but honest, it's just about rhythm. Don't rush that waltz. You can't finish until the song ends, anyway, and nobody's racing you. Just let it happen.

And all that rising time gives you a chance to accomplish other things, like making soup and salsa and burritos for the freezer, and learning the Glasgow Coma Scale (https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glasgow_coma_scale).

What? Isn't that what everyone does while their bread is rising?

(I'm winding up the day in

 trollcatz (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>)'s kitchen by making a couple kinds of quick breads. If I remember when I get home, I'll try to post a recipe. That is, if

 trollcatz (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>) doesn't figure out a way to stop my heart in order to demonstrate chest compressions.)



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

7 comments



 trollcatz

December 30 2007, 21:59:38 UTC

COLLAPSE

You don't remember from the *last* time we did that? Oh, man, not *again!* *g*



 cvillette

December 30 2007, 22:03:31 UTC

COLLAPSE

I wasn't concentrating.

(I only do these things to keep you in practice, dude!)

Deleted comment



 [cvillette](#)

[December 31 2007, 00:44:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, see? You've already got part of the skill set! (For cooking *and* lifesaving.)

Daphs is getting a maniacal look that I associate with...flash cards. Hey, second grade with emergency tracheotomy!

(Except she says I'm not allowed to do any emergency tracheotomies. Boooooo!)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 31 2007, 01:58:05 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not unless it's an actual emergency, anyway. And even then, nobody is gonna want to insure you afterwards.

Deleted comment



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 31 2007, 03:48:59 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If they live long enough, we have drugs for that.



 [cvillette](#)

[December 31 2007, 03:46:16 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You mean I'm insurable *now*?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 31 2007, 03:47:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

remembers bouldering wall on Friday

Um, well, maybe not. *g*